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The People.

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Two Pence.

ASK FOR
NICHOLSON'S
DRY GIN
THE PUREST SPIRIT MADE.

TREVESSA'S SECOND BOAT OF DEATH.

EIGHT COLLAPSE IN SIGHT OF LAND.

LAST DROP OF WATER AND ALL FOOD CONSUMED.

WEEKS OF AGONY.

TERrible ORDEAL OF CHIEF OFFICER AND FELLOW SURVIVORS.

Last night details reached London of the appalling sufferings of the 16 survivors in the Trevezza's second boat, which arrived at Mauritius after 25 days adrift in the Indian Ocean.

The last drop of water had been drunk and the last biscuit eaten.

Eight men died owing to their consuming sea-water. They collapsed in sight of land on the morning of delivery.

The Trevezza (5,004 tons), of St. Ives, Cornwall, owned by the Hain Steamship Co., sank in the Indian Ocean a month ago. The crew had been mourned as dead.

THE last drop of water had been drunk and the last biscuit eaten on board the second lifeboat of the Trevezza, under the charge of Mr. J. C. Stewart Smith, chief officer (of Leith), when the 16 survivors of the 24 who had put off in this boat from the Trevezza reached Mauritius.

Bel Ombre, in the south of the island of Mauritius, where these survivors landed, after sufferings which surpassed even those which befell the occupants of the captain's boat, is a motor journey of some 40 miles from St. Louis, the capital.

Chief Officer Smith told a plain tale without embellishments, but the horror of that day's voyage in an open boat were sharply brought home when he said that the eight men who died in the boat had given way to drinking sea-water to assuage their thirst.

They collapsed later from exhaustion, and the last of them died in sight of land on the morning of delivery.

The fine spirit of the men was manifested in many minor incidents during the voyage.

For instance, Scully, A.B., a man of over 60, refused to sleep when others wanted to do so, and cheered up his comrades when they appeared to be giving up hope.

Another A.B. enlivened the survivors, on a warm, tropical day, by singing, "I like eggs and ham," when rations were being dealt out.

SURVIVORS' CHEERS.

On the morning of June 26 a towering sea broke over the stern, and almost swamped the boats. The occupants thought their last hour had come. They were almost all of them by that time in a state of collapse. Not a single one would have had the strength to swim.

At 2.45 p.m. on the same day land was sighted, and there broke out on board the boat a series of resounding cheers.

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WARSHIP EXPLOSION.

EIGHT CASUALTIES IN AMERICAN VESSEL.

Newport (Rhode Island), Saturday. A steam blower in the U.S. destroyer Williamson exploded while at sea this morning.

Four men were killed and four others were injured, only one of whom is expected to recover.—Reuter.

TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.

Stricken Descendant of a Famous Author.

Mr. Philip A. Poe, a descendant of Edgar Allan Poe, the famous imaginative writer, who recently paid a visit to the Tomb of Tutankhamen, is suffering from a malady which shows all the symptoms which attended the fatal illness of Lord Carnarvon, states a Central News message from Baltimore, via New York.

SUBSTITUTED "BRANDY."

At Southampton, yesterday, George Edward Gregory, a docker foreman, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for selling seven bottles of brandy to a child watch, the latter belonging to General Nicholson.

Evidence was given that the prisoner abstracted the brandy from cases in transit and substituted bottles of coloured water. He gave the watch to a young woman of his acquaintance.

At one time No. 1 boat found itself floating over the bows of the Trevezza, almost over the fore deck, but was quickly pulled back by the retiring steerer.

One of the ship's cats, a beautiful black Persian, of whom the captain was extremely fond, with four nearly-born kittens, was put into the captain's cat. She jumped back on to the ship, however, and went down in her.

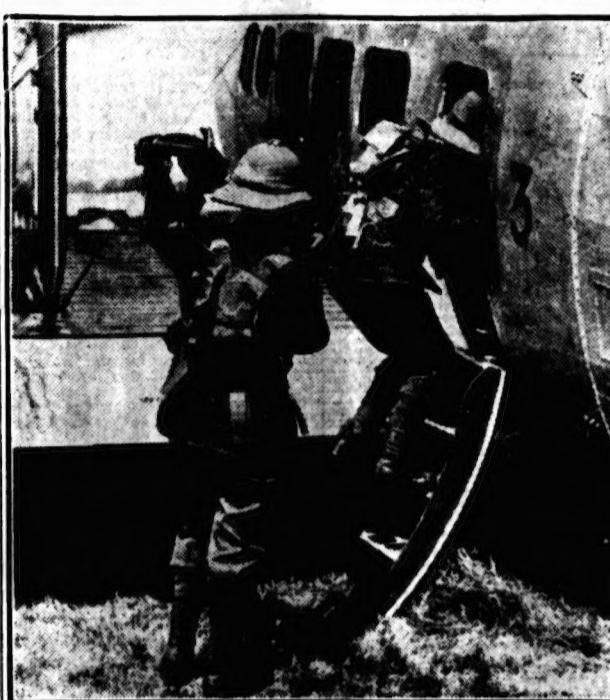
At 2.45 a.m. the Trevezza sank by the bow.

From the very first trouble began. The step of the mast, which was very



WEATHER

Wind W. or N.W. light or moderate mainly fair, cloudy at times; visibility moderate or good; rather warm. Further outlook: Mainly fair in the South.



THE TROOPSHIP OF THE AIR.
Machine gunners entering the new Vickers Victoria troop carrier at the Air Pageant yesterday. The plane can carry 25 men.

WHY TAXATION IS STILL HIGH.

MILLIONS AWARDED TO THE CIVIL SERVICE.

(Special to "The People.")

There is no doubt that the Civil Service is in clover as a result of some of the recent decisions of the courts and committees. They may be roughly estimated and tabulated as follows:

Payment to ex-service men and others under the interim report of the Southborough Committee: £750,000.

Possible payment to a still larger number of men in other branches of the Service who are claiming similar treatment. Their claim is not yet decided, but if the Treasury has to pay, the aggregate sum can hardly be less than £5,000,000.

The taxpayer will probably feel that in respect of the third claim, though not in respect of the other two, the last pound of flesh is being extracted, and he will look with a melancholy eye to the various reductions of taxation—in respect of the sugar duty and entertainment duty, for instance—which are thus rendered impossible of attainment.

It is little wonder that Mr. Baldwin is beginning to think he will have many unsuspected charges on the National Exchequer.

For instance, Scully, A.B., a man of over 60, refused to sleep when others wanted to do so, and cheered up his comrades when they appeared to be giving up hope.

Another A.B. enlivened the survivors, on a warm, tropical day, by singing, "I like eggs and ham," when rations were being dealt out.

STEEL WORKERS' RIOT.

FIGHT POLICE AND RAID COKE OVENS.

Sydney, N.S., Saturday.

Rioting among the steel workers reached such proportions yesterday evening that the police were unable to control the situation.

The fact that troops from Halifax are en route seemingly spurred the strikers on to take advantage of the remaining time before their arrival. A crowd which was estimated to exceed a thousand advanced upon the Empire Steel Corporation Plant, tore down a gate and a long section of a fence, swept aside the guard and surged over 20 acres of plant.

Some declared that they only desired to remove strike breakers.

Considerable fighting between strikers and police occurred.

At midnight a crowd raided the coke ovens.—Reuter.

BODIES IN THE RIVER.

Two bodies were taken from the River Lee yesterday morning. One was that of Sydney Herbert Thomas, painter, 36, of Dickens-nd, East Ham. It had been in the water only a day or two. A farewell note to his mother established his identity.

The other body has not yet been identified. It has apparently been in the water for several days.

TWO BATH FATALITIES.

Two bath fatalities were investigated by the Hammersmith coroner yesterday.

Mrs. Christina Neame (60) was stated to have had heart disease and fainted while in the bath. Verdict: Natural causes.

Alice Thwaites (53), servant, of Portobello, W., was found fully dressed lying in a bath when her hand apparently contained a bottle of whisky, and it was supposed she had fallen into the water. Verdict: Accidental death.

THE CAPITAL LEVY.

The Workers' Searchlight has this week been unavoidably left over.

striking article exposing the fallacy of the Capital Levy will be found in

DR. BIBBY RESIGNS AT GLOUCESTER.

SMALLPOX DRAMA.

FINE ON FATHER WHO KEPT CHILD AT HOME.

Ten new cases of smallpox were reported to Gloucester yesterday.

Considerable interest was created in the town by the official announcement that Dr. G. R. Bibby, the medical officer of health, had resigned his position.

Yesterday morning, Mr. H. Bolton, a working man, and his wife, were summoned before the local magistrates for obstructing public health officials in an attempt to remove their daughter to the isolation hospital.

For the defence it was stated that the girl met with a serious accident in 1921, and as she had only partially recovered, it was pointed out by the family doctor, a shock might kill her or produce insanity, hence her parents had objected to the removal.

In these circumstances the bench inflicted a nominal fine of £1 on Mr. Bolton, and dismissed the case against his wife.

THE FRENCH REPLY.

EXPECTED IN LONDON EARLY THIS WEEK.

There are indications that the French reply to the British questionnaire will be received in London early this week, says Reuter.

The British questionnaire was sent to Brussels as a matter of information, and it is not thought likely that the Belgian Government will send a separate reply.

Probably M. Poincaré will send a joint communication in the name of both Governments.

SIR DOUGLAS HALL.

DEATH OF MAN WHO HELPED TO SHIP FIRST ARMY.

Sir Douglas Hall, Bart., who, from December, 1910, until the dissolution of Parliament last November, was Unionist member for the Isle of Wight, died in London yesterday.

Sir Douglas, who was in his 57th year, assisted with his yacht in the transport of the First Expeditionary Force, and later helped to convey wounded officers on the Seine. He started the first hospital barge flotilla, under the title of the British Water Ambulance Fund.

He relinquished his naval commission for a captaincy in the Royal Engineers, and was engaged in High Explosive Department under the Munitions Ministry.

LITTLE SISTERS HURT.

While crossing Balsam High-street, yesterday morning, two girls, aged 8 and 9, were knocked down by a tramcar. Both were taken to hospital, where Monica now lies in a serious condition. The younger girl was allowed to go home after treatment.

THE CAPITAL LEVY.

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CHILD LOST IN A CHIMNEY.

MIDNIGHT RESCUE AFTER FIVE HOURS' ORDEAL.

Five hours' ordeal by imprisonment in the suffocating confines of a narrow chimney was the lot of a three-year-old Glasgow boy, who is now recovering from the effects of his appalling predicament.

The child, who had been missing for five hours, was not found till midnight, when his father, mounting the roof of a wash-house, heard a feeble cry of "Dad" coming from the chimney.

So firmly was the little victim wedged that it was necessary to tear down the brickwork to extricate him.

The chimney stands two feet above the roof level, and the boy was in a perilous position six feet from the top. How he had got into the chimney at all is at present a mystery.

It was at first feared that the child, whose misadventure recalls that of the hapless victims of Kingsley's villainous Grimes, the chimney-sweep, in "Water Babies," would lose his sight through the corrosive reaction of the soot with which he came into contact, but hopes are now entertained of his complete recovery.

BOMB IN TRAIN.

FIFTY CASUALTIES AMONG BELGIAN TROOPS.

Paris, Saturday.

News has reached here that a bomb has exploded in a train conveying Belgian soldiers going home on leave as it was coming out of Duisburg Station.

The coach in which the explosion occurred was destroyed. Ten were killed and 40 wounded.

Part of the railway track was destroyed, and only a single line is now available for traffic.—Reuter.

In consequence of this outrage, a message adds, 20 prominent citizens of Duisburg have been arrested and all the cafes, cinemas, theatres and public places in the town closed till further order.

The spot where the explosion occurred is within 300 yards of the British zone. The British police arrested two men from Bavaria, who were carrying parcels of dynamite, but it is doubtful if they were responsible for the outrage.

Undoubtedly it is because of his poor mind I believe he is suffering from loss of memory through the mental strain he has had to undergo during the last 18 months.

"I can say no more. I feel too upset. I am content to wait and hope."

Many of the parishioners who have

VANISHED VICAR.

DOUBLE MYSTERY OF A VILLAGE.

LETTER AS CLUE

"MIND TURNED BY PERSECUTION."

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

Woodford (Essex), Saturday.

All Woodford is waiting for news which will solve the mystery of the disappearance of the Rev. E. C. E. Wheeler, vicar of St. Barnabas's, for whom a search, in which Scotland Yard is assisting, has been in progress since Wednesday afternoon, when he left home ostensibly to pay a business call in the City, and did not return.

For the past 18 months Mr. Wheeler and his wife have been fighting rumours, which associated him with the disappearance of Miss Gladys Pryce, a pretty girl member of his congregation, and the belief of his friends is that the strain of this warfare has overtaken him to the point of mental breakdown and loss of memory.

Mr. Wheeler will bear of no other explanation.

"I am perfectly sure my husband is safe and well and that he will come back," she told me to-day when I saw her at the Vicarage.

"He has gone away because of the wicked persecution of certain of the parishioners.

"Undoubtedly it is because of his poor mind I believe he is suffering from loss of memory through the mental strain he has had to undergo during the last 18 months.

"I can say no more. I feel too upset. I am content to wait and hope."

Many of the parishioners who have

(Continued on p. 2)



He sings in his bath

Hard things have been said and written of the man who sings in his bath

AN AMERICAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Tells How to make a Remedy for Grey Hair.

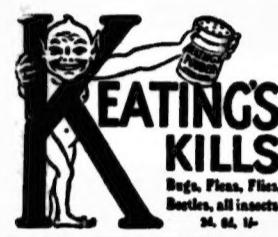
MR. J. A. MCREA, who was called "Grandpa" on account of his white hair, and who darkened it with a home-made mixture, made the following statement:— "I always prepare a simple mixture at home which will darken hair. You take a half pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 ounce glycerine. These ingredients are bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week, until the desired shade is obtained. It does not colour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off."

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Mark

1897.

To those suffering from BOILS, ABSCESS, WHITLOW, ETC., FROST BITE, SCALP, ETC., or any Skin Disease.
SHARPE, HALL & CO., LTD., 10, BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.

BURGESS'
LION OINTMENT
It brings all the world over to the surface, and heals from underneath—not closing up to leave an ugly scar. Available in every household for Cut, Burns, Blings, etc. Of All Chemists, from 1/2d. to 5s. etc.
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Beetles, all insects

2d. 6d. 1s.

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ONE EASY TERM.

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WHITE FINE PATTERNED FROG FROGS.
A postcard with your name & address will bring a complete range of sizes & patterns of frogs.

16, Graves' Ltd., Sheffield.

**BREW YOUR OWN BEER!**

50 GLASSES OF THE FINEST ALE OR STOUT £1.—
Can be brewed at home from our packets of Pure Malt and Kent Malt, with directions for brewing. Price per set of 21 gallons £6. 5s. 10d. postage 10s. 2d. sent post free.

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THE ANDREW BARGAINS BEDDING BAILE.

2 White Blankets, containing 2 lbs. each with blue borders and strongly whipped edges, size 60 x 80 ins.; 1 Green Blanket, warm and fleecy, whipped edges, white stripes, size 72 x 80 ins.; 1 Pillow Case, 22 x 24 ins. Lancashire woven; 1 Pillow Case, 22 x 24 ins. Turkish Towels, coloured stripes, size 20 x 36 ins. Also: 1 Small Bed Sheet, 20 x 36 ins.; 1 Pillow Case, 22 x 24 ins.; 1 Small Bed Sheet, 20 x 36 ins.; 1 Table Cover, 48 x 72 ins.; 1 Table Cloth, 48 x 72 ins.; 1 Table Cover, 48 x 72 ins.; 1 Table Cloth, 48 x 72 ins.

PRICE 40/- ONLY.

A. ANDREW & CO., LTD., BLOOMSBURY, LONDON, W.C.1.

For this
Woolmark
particular
10-day**Meltis****SINGING OPERATIC GEMS ON THE KERB.****By CONSTANCE HONYWOOD.**

Baronet's Daughter who made £2 10s. a Night with her Harmonium.

Miss Constance Honywood, daughter of the late Sir Charles Courtney Honywood, Bart., tells in the final instalment of episodes from her life as an actress, dancer and singer, how she became a street singer.

Her repertoire, which included operatic gems sung in French and Italian, as well as popular songs, created a sensation in suburban London, and she met with many curious and surprising adventures.

HERE must be many among my readers who heard me when I was singing in the streets of suburban London.

Although I was usually muffled up to protect myself from the elements I never made any attempt at disguise, and more than once I was recognised by people who had known me in the days of my prosperity.

Occasionally such recognition led to pleasant interchanges of ideas, especially in cases where I was "spotted" by members of the profession.

After my husband's death I occupied various posts, and for some time during the war was employed in the Central Department of the War Office, in which my knowledge of languages stood me in good stead.

But the struggle for existence became too severe for me, and one day I found myself on a seat on the Embankment wondering what I should do to get a meal.

I was feeling that my luck was dead out when suddenly I looked up and saw a glance of recognition from an old friend, a Kentish man, who was quite obviously delighted to see me. We had not met for several years, and when I told him how I was placed, he said, "Why not use your voice to get a living? If you cannot do anything else you can at least go busking."

I told him I should not care to do anything of that kind, but he still persuaded me to take up singing in the streets and promised to get me a portable harmonium and go with me, at any rate, at the beginning. Although I felt very nervous about the experiment I finally consented, and it was arranged that on our tour he should carry the harmonium and, after placing it in position, remain at a discreet distance away from where I was singing, to watch over me.

The first place in which I tried my luck was Woodford, Essex. I was very nervous about the whole matter. It was on a February evening that I first began my tour of suburban London. I sang selections from "Faust" in Italian, from Massenet in French, a number of English ballads, and also one or two popular songs.

In the Dark.

I selected for special attention the best houses in Woodford, and had the satisfaction of attracting attention and receiving money. That night I made exactly 35s. In one case a five-shilling piece was handed to me, and I also received four half-crowns.

For a long time I could not muster up sufficient courage to sing in the daytime, and always waited until it was dark. In most cases I was treated with the utmost consideration by the people who passed near the place where I was singing.

But on one occasion a man came up to me and after suggesting that there must be something very wrong for me to have to get my living in this way, he placed a half-penny on the "portable."

On the other hand, one of the most delightful men I have ever met was a Salvation Army officer, near Catford.

And in passing I must mention that he was a professional.

"What are you doing out here?" I told him I was trying to earn a living, and he asked me if I would like him to sing.

I replied that I should be charmed, and at once struck up. He had a magnificent voice, and at the end of his song he went round with his hat and gave me the money he had collected.

To me he was then a perfect stranger, but I have more than a suspicion who he was, for I am sure I have since heard the same voice on the stage. He is an clever artist as he is a sympathetic man.

Having once discovered that I could keep the wolf from the door by street singing, I have not hesitated whenever down on my luck to go out with my "portable." I have made as much as £2 10s. in a single night, but have occasionally returned home tired and disengaged with as little as 9s. for my evening's exertion.

As a result of persistent efforts I saved sufficient money to start in my profession as a dancing teacher again, and it is a long time since I had any need to sing in the streets. But in spite of all I am determined not to be beaten in the struggle for existence, and so long as I am able to use my voice I shall not hesitate if ever the need arises to do the same again.

Naturally, of course, I hope that I shall have no need to resume "busking" for a living. But my life has been so full of the unexpected that I am fully prepared to do anything that is not dishonourable in order to avoid having to live on charity.

One lesson, at any rate, I have learned from my experiences, and that is that it is a profound mistake to accept defeat without a struggle.

SHOT AT RIFLE RANGE.

While cleaning a rifle in the rifle range on West Pier, Brighton, last night, Leslie Payne, range attendant, was shot through the left leg. He thought the rifle was unloaded. At the hospital it was found the bullet had only just missed severing an artery. It was extracted, and Payne was able to go home.

CUSHIONS FROM OLD TREACLE TINS.**HOW IT IS DONE.****MODERN TRAINING AND THE CLEVER CHILD.**

PICTURES painted by a boy who was born without hands, which have won the young artist an art scholarship; deaf and dumb girls and boys dancing to music; blind children learning music notation—these wonders of modern training accomplished in L.C.C. schools will be shown at the London County Council's forthcoming exhibition.

Ten thousand pupils, chosen from London's million scholars, and 400 teachers, will take part in the demonstrations which commence at the London Day Training College, Southampton-row, W., on July 10, and end ten days later.

The exhibition has been arranged to afford overseas delegates to the Imperial Education Conference a comprehensive survey of educational methods in London.

It will be opened by the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. L. C. M. S. Amery, and admission will be free.

Among other marvels to be demonstrated continuously are—

How to mind the baby (by girls of all ages from very tender years).

How to cook herrings in a dozen different ways.

How to make comfortable cushions out of old treacle tins.

How to make a first-class cot out of old broom-handles and canvas.

All refreshments served will be made at the Council's cookery schools, and the waiters will be lads undergoing their training for the "waiting profession!"

RABBI'S KNIGHTHOOD.**POPULAR PEOPLE IN NEW HONOURS' LIST.**

Two new peers, a long list of new baronets and knights, and many other Honours, appear in the Prime Minister's delayed list on the occasion of the King's birthday.

For the first time a Jewish Rabbi is made a knight. This honour is conferred on Professor Hermann Gollancz, who is Professor of Hebrew at University Coll., London, and preacher at Bayswater Synagogue.

Mr. George Dance, the well-known theatrical producer and "the man who saved the Old Vic," also receives a Knighthood.

Miss Agnes Nichols, the famous singer, who is Mrs. Agnes Hart in private life, is made a Commander of the British Empire.

Among those who have received the K.B.E. (Knight Commander of the British Empire) are Mr. Walter Schroder, Coroner for Central London, and Mr. P. C. Tempest, general manager of the Southern Railway.

One of the two new peers is the Hon. Charles Napier Laurence, Chairman of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway. The other new peer is the Hon. Herbert Cokayne Gibbs, Chairman of the City of London Unionists Association.

ALARM OVER CHINA.**STRONG ACTION BY POWERS ANTICIPATED.****(By Our Diplomatic Correspondent)**

The unrest in China is very seriously alarming foreigners connected with the country.

It is understood that collective representations are likely to be made in favour of the introduction of a foreign element into the Railway Gendarmerie in China.

In fact the British Minister, acting on instructions, has already urged the reform of the gendarmerie, and it is possible that China will agree in view of the fact that the Powers would then be compelled through the Consortium to provide some funds for the upkeep of the force.

There is also reason to believe that the Powers will be compelled to strengthen their forces in Far East waters. In any case speedy action will be needed as further developments in China are expected.

LONDON BREVIETIES.

Lord Justice Scrutton presented the prizes at Mill Hill School yesterday on the occasion of Foundation Day.

"Aerial Pageant" is Preliminary Carter's topic this evening at the Monument Cinema Church.

The Bishop of Woolwich yesterday dedicated a War Memorial Chapel in St. Augustine's Church, Grove Park, S.E.

Annual inspection of the London Scouts will take place next Saturday at 4 p.m. opposite Knightsbridge Barracks, Hyde Park.

London County Council is to be asked to consider the desirability of constructing a subway for foot passengers from Westminster Bridge to the opposite side of the Victoria Embankment.

Work of festival in Acton, arranged on behalf of the local hospital, was brought to an end yesterday by a successful street carnival and variety show held in the park.

In a by-election at Hammersmith to fill a vacancy on the Borough Council for the Greenford and Ravenscourt Ward, caused by the death of Councillor P. D. Finn, Mr. J. Fletcher (M.R.P.) was elected yesterday by 902 votes. Mr. J. P. Weston, Labour polled 586, and Mr. A. McCrae (Independent) 58.

Sgt. Sweetser Killed. Miss Jessie Lockett, of Walworth, was cycling with her sweethearts yesterday when her machine skidded and she was thrown under a motor car. She died in St. James' Hospital, Balham.

HUMAN DRAMAS: YESTERDAY'S POLICE COURT SIDELIGHTS.

Her Good Ear.—"This woman is very deaf, sir," said a sergeant at Willesden of a woman witness. "The right's all right, sergeant—that's my good ear."

His Anniversary.—"Has he been here before?" asked the magistrate at Old-street, when an elderly man was charged with being drunk. Assistant Gaoler: It is a year ago since he was here.—Fined 10s.

Satisfied.—Defendant at Tottenham: They took me to the police station, but I didn't mind that because it was on my way home. Again, they let me out before the public houses closed. Indeed, they were very good to me.—Magistrate: 10s.—Defendant: Thank you.

Steals to Join the Army.—A plea that he took the money to get to Stratford to try and join the Army was advanced at Thames by Harry Greenwood (18), who was bound over on a charge of stealing £6. 6d. from an automatic gas meter at his parents' house.

Believing Wives.—"What does she know about it?" was the question put to Stratford's a defendant who wanted to call his wife as a witness. "Oh, I told her about it," replied defendant. Magistrate: Our wives always believe what we tell them, but I don't know if their belief is always justified.

East End Dignity.—"What's wrong with the East End? You all appear to be on your dignity, and unless I get some power to remake the human race I cannot do anything."—Mr. Cairns, Thames magistrate, after hearing women's trivial complaints against their neighbours.

Loved All Policemen.—"A lively household at Tottenham: Josephine Thompson, was in tears when she appeared at Marylebone. A constable said she came up to him the previous night in Westbourne-grove and would not leave him. Her one theme was that she loved all policemen, and her conduct caused a huge crowd to collect, so that he had to arrest her. "She was just stupid," said the constable.—After whispering her deep complaint, Josephine, who had been locked up all night, was discharged with a magisterial warning not to take advantage of a policeman again.

Prison for Pearl Finder.

Previous convictions were proved against William Kidd (70), a labourer, who at Marlborough-street was sentenced to six months' hard labour for stealing by finding a portion of a diamond pendant and a pearl.

They were lost a fortnight ago by Mrs. Menzies, of Hereford-gardens, as she alighted from her car. Accused was seen to offer the pearl, valued at £200, to a number of men.

Travellers' Drink Limit.

"How many glasses can your husband take without upsetting him?" asked the Marylebone magistrate of a prisoner's wife. "I don't know; you see, he is a traveller," was the reply.

A Lively Household.—"I live in a house where there are sixteen in one family. They knocked me about, cut down my clothes line, and burnt a hole in my husband's shirt."—Woman's complaint at Marylebone.

What a Woman Is.—"Summoned at Stratford for assaulting his wife, a husband said to the magistrate: You know what a woman is—nag, nag, jaw, jaw, jabber, jabber, jabber."—Magistrate: I should imagine your home would be happier if you talked less.

Ignore Anonymous Letters.—"I advise you to ignore all anonymous letters; only a very wicked person would descend to writing them."—Advice of Willesden magistrate to a man who complained of the receipt of an anonymous letter containing serious charges against him.

The Unposted Letter.—"I had a row with my husband because I found a letter in his pocket which he had written to another woman," said a wife at Stratford.—Magistrate: It had not been posted!—Wife: No. Clerk: It begins, "My Dear Jessie."—Wife: I was looking for something in his pocket and accidentally came across it.

Diet and Disagreement.—"Because a wife does not provide new potatoes is no justification for assault," said the magistrate at South-Western in imposing a fine of 45s on William Ellwood, a Civil Service clerk, of The Pavement, Norwood, for assaulting his wife. Defendant said he disagreed with the stuff dished up to him.

Prison for Pearl Finder.

RANKER OFFICERS.**DEPUTATION TO THE WAR SECRETARY.**

Jord Derby, Secretary of State for War, will receive a deputation, led by Colonel Sir Arthur Holbrook, M.P., on Wednesday, to discuss the claim of a section of war ranker officers, with non-commissioned pensions, to the retired pay and status conceded to other classes of ranker officers in the fighting services.

A statement has been issued by the Army Pensioned Ranker Officers that 2,500 long-service soldiers are affected. They come under three categories—Pre-war pensioners who responded to the appeal for instructors for the New Armies, and were commissioned.

Warrant and non-commissioned officers, for pension, who were "discharged" and immediately commissioned.

Pre-war pensioners of the Royal Marines who were sent to the army as instructors, retained and commissioned, and on demobilisation were denied the rates of retired pay given by the Admiralty to their brother officers, of same category, who served under naval orders during the war.

Anomalous of an extraordinary character have been revealed. These are men who attained high rank and received honours and battle distinctions and are now in receipt of pensions which are less than the retired pay of junior rankers with 15 years' total service, and in some cases three and four times less than the award of retired pay to Marines of similar rank and service.

Retired ranker officers interested in the movement are invited to communicate with Captain F. D. Bone, Political Secretary, Army Pensioned Ranker Officers, 32, Doughty-st. W.C.I.

THE LANGUID LAZY GIRL.

Needs Help, not a Scolding.

Mother, it is a mistake to scold a growing girl because she is peevish and listless, won't eat plain food, lets her mother slave at the household without offering help, and mores in the corner with a book. She is not really lazy. She is using up all her vitality to grow into a woman—that is all.

Help her. Don't blame her. She is anemic. She needs more blood. Dr. Williams' pink pills have turned thousands of girls like her into blooming, healthy, vigorous young women, full of vitality and attraction, to whom nothing is a trouble. All done in the simplest and most natural way—by their wonderful power of making new blood. Gone are the headaches, the tired backs, the capricious appetite, the bilious attacks, and the indigestion.

The new blood given by Dr. Williams' pink pills simply fills the girl with energy. They will do as much for the tired mother, too, and give new vitality to the overworked breadwinner.

Do not delay taking advantage of the great health-help of Dr. Williams' pink pills. Of all chemists, or send 2s. Od. to address below for a box post free.

FREE. Of interest to every girl and woman is the little book, "Nature's Warnings," offered free of charge to all who write to J. B. Dept. 36, Fitaroy Square, London, W.I.—[Advt.]

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DECORATORS AND PAINTERS.

In last week's issue of "The People" you had our message. Many responded and some are now the richer for possessing our great aid to their business prospects in Decoration and Renovation work.

To those who put off writing us and so forgot to do it—
we say, "DO IT NOW!" Full particulars in 16 pages FREE.

Never let your chances like sunbeams pass you by. You never miss the water until the well runs dry. Fill up this form and post it NOW. A half-penny stamp will bring it.

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PUBLIC SCHOOLBOY'S OWN STORY OF EXPLOITS AS A CROOK.**POSED AS PEER IN AMAZING FRAUDS.**

An innocent boyish face, fair hair braced back from his forehead, the dawning accent of the spoilt son of an aristocrat, a frank disarming smile—these were the distinguishing characteristics of Netley Evelyn Lucas, aged 20, who was sentenced to 12 months in the second division at the Old Bailey by the Recorder (Sir E. Wild) on charges of forgery and house-breaking.

Smartly dressed and dapper, he looked singularly out of place in the dock. Yet he admitted his guilt of a string of offences which few older criminals could equal either in number, ingenuity, or in sheer audacity.

Lucas, a former public schoolboy, whom Borstal treatment failed to cure of his mania for crime, pleaded guilty to thefts of articles worth some £300, and asked that other charges outstanding should be taken into consideration. He put forward the plea that he had been influenced by a man he had met in prison.

Such, in brief, is the story of Lucas's first appearance at the Old Bailey, but behind it is perhaps the most astonishing "crook" career ever brought to light.

Since his detention by the police this remarkable youth whiled away the monotony of awaiting his trial by writing the full details of his amazing escapades.

This story will be published by "The People," and the first instalment is given below. To the criminologist it will afford material for an analytical study of a warped, if not criminal intelligence, to the psychologist an object lesson in brilliant mental capacity misapplied, and to the average man an absorbing narrative of reckless adventure.

MY WILD LIFE OF ADVENTURE.**Organised Shoplifting Gang at Twelve.**

I DO not write this story of my life in bravado, nor am I in any way proud of the crimes I have committed. I give you the tragic history of a public schoolboy who, in spite of brilliant prospects, took to crime and, through his own folly, is now an outcast of society and a gaolbird.

I was born on my father's steam yacht, The Scorpion, in Netley Harbour, Southampton, on July 12, 1903. My mother died at my birth and my father was murdered in Paris three years later.

I was brought up by my grandparents at Great Marlow, on the Thames.

When eight years old I was sent to Bedford School, through the influence of the Duke of Bedford. In 1910 my grandmother died, and in 1913 my grandfather, a well-known man, also died.

When at Bedford School I was destined to go to the Royal Naval Colleges, Osborne and Dartmouth, for the Royal Navy.

At the age of 14, under the influence of the spirit of adventure, I ran away from school, and since that time I have lived by my wits in the underworld of London and elsewhere.

During the war I carried on a career of crime in the West End, masquerading as a midshipman and sub-Lieut. R.N., and mixing in very good society.

I was taken about everywhere under the patronage of a Countess.

Eventually I was arrested at an officers' club for masquerading as a torpedo officer, and put on probation at Westminster Police Court.

Later I served 15 months on the training ship Cornwall, from which I absconded, and after a career of 15 months of crime on the Continent and in England, sometimes posing as the Hon. Netley Lucas and Lord Lucas, and obtaining credit by this means, I was sentenced to three years' Borstal treatment.

Organised Gang of Boys.

When at Bedford School, although the youngest, I was the worst of the 700 boys there.

At the age of 12 I had inaugurated a shop-lifting gang among the fellows of my house.

It was our custom to steal things from shops and sell them to soldiers garrisoned in the town. We took wrist watches, fountain pens and nick-nacks useful to soldiers. Occasionally, when "very hard up," we would raid the officers' quarters, stealing anything we could lay our hands on.

By the way, I spent some happy summer holidays at the house of a distinguished public man.

When I was there I was supposed to be on my best behaviour, of course, but I only maintained this on the occasions when I came into personal contact with my host or his visitors.

I occasionally went out with house parties garbed in an Eton suit, which was frightfully uncomfortable. I used to dread these occasions and much preferred to roost about the park in my old velvet suit among the deer and in the stables among the horses, of which I was passionately fond.

I had a pony of my own and used to ride about quite a lot, attended by a groom.

It was just after I had sat at Westminster Hall for the examination for the R.N. College, Osborne, that I ran away to see "life."

Although I had failed at the examination, I had had a glorious holiday in London, staying with a distant relation, a society widow.

I did not relish returning to school at all, so when I was put into the truant at St. Pancras for Bedford I got out at Kentish Town.

I floated round London in and out of various jobs, and then decided to don the uniform of a naval midshipman and to masquerade. Life then became one long round of pleasure for me.

A Gay Life.

One night I stayed at Queen Mary's Club for Officers, and there met Lady [redacted], who was doing war work. She took an interest to me on account of my youthfulness and asked me to stay for the rest of my supposed leave at her house. I accepted willingly.

I was taken to a reception at the house of a Countess, for officers on leave, and was there overwhelmed with invitations to dinners, theatres, lunch, dances and weekend parties. I accepted most of them, of course, and for the following three months had the finest time I have ever had in my life.

Recommendations were given me for tailors, motor-car hirers, restaurants, etc., by titled people, where I got endless credit. I had a complete set of new uniforms and sported a decoration, which was very risky.

Always I was immaculately dressed, and my uniforms fitted me like a glove. Many weekends did I spend at well-known country houses. I enjoyed shooting, dancing and riding.

But all good things come to an end. I was arrested by Detective-Inspector Craven, C.I.D., and charged at Walton-st. Police Station with masquerading and with false pretences, and was put on probation at Westminster Police Court for 12 months.

Soon afterwards I committed an impudent swindle in Birmingham. In the Junior Constitutional Club I met a man who was going to open up a concern at Banbury, and was looking for shareholders. I promised to buy £10,000 worth of shares, and he invited me to Birmingham to see his board of directors. I motored there and was put up at the managing director's house.

Next day I appeared before the board and gave my cheque for £10,000. I then remarked casually that I was short of cash, and as my bank had no branch in Birmingham I asked if they would cash me a cheque. They were delighted to do so, so I drew them a cheque for £200, and they gave me an open cheque on their bank in Birmingham, which I cashed immediately, and it was not long before I was motoring away from Birmingham!

£1,200 Clothing Trick.

This is only one of the frauds and swindles I have perpetrated.

One of my biggest coups was in obtaining clothing and goods to the value of £1,200 by false pretence from colonial outfitters.

Early in 1920 I was very anxious to obtain position on a rubber plantation. I succeeded in getting my name put on the register of the Rubber Planters' Association and was in hopes of getting a job sooner or later.

In the West End one afternoon I noticed a colonial outfitters. With no particular object I entered and asked for an estimate of a complete colonial outfit, etc. While talking to the salesman I overheard a conversation between another customer and the manager to the following effect:

"Customer: When would you like me to settle up for my kit?"
Manager: No hurry, sir, any time before you sail."

Obviously it was easy to get "tick" at this place, so I decided to try my luck. I spent several hours choosing kit, from a silver wrist watch to a bell-tent. The things were not supplied to me. I was given printed orders thus: "Please supply our customer, Mr. Netley Lucas, with goods he may select and charge to our account, etc."

This entitled me to go to their manufacturing shoemakers, tailors, trunk-makers, jewellers, hatters and every kind of firm, and the orders authorised me to select any goods to any amount and to take same away the cost being charged up to the central outfitting firm, who would in due course send on their account to me.

And they gave me these orders without any reference and without any deposit whatever.

Moneylenders Duped.

I decided to make a "round-up" the next day. Accordingly I took a taxi and visited all these different manufacturers, and by lunch-time had the taxi packed with clothes, beautiful trunks, and fitted suit-cases and dressing-cases, a 25-guinea gramophone and five records, a gold wristlet watch, pearl studs and gold links, and a gold and silver inlaid cigarette case from the jewellers they had recommended me to.

I had two pairs of Zeiss field glasses priced at 25 guineas each, and an 8 guinea Kodak.

I had lounge suits, sports suits, morning suits, dress suits, flannels, and



NETLEY EVELYN LUCAS.

FINANCE FOR THE PEOPLE.**INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES' RESULTS.****(By Our City Representative.)**

WHILE business has been restricted during the past week, a more cheerful sentiment has developed.

Gilt-edged securities have met with a steady investment demand, the Conversion Loan being especially favoured. Foreign stocks have remained subdued owing to the course of exchanges, but the new Austrian loan has again been a centre of activity, the result of which is a further decline in the price, applicants who got in at the issue price taking advantage of the handsome premium to secure.

WANDSWORTH GAS DIVIDENDS.

The highest dividends since 1914 are being paid now by the Wandsworth, Wimbledon and Epsom District Gas Co., under the sliding scale. This, readers may be reminded, ensures that the companies may pay larger distributions to shareholders, only as they reduce the price of their commodity. Thus protection is given to the consumer, and the scale works so that he gets the major part of the benefit of increasing prosperity by the reduction of charges, while the shareholder receives the smaller proportion in dividends on the capital he has ventured in the company. The Wandsworth Co. is increasing the payments on all its stocks, the interim dividends being on an annual basis, at the rate of 4s 15s. 6d. on the "C" and ordinary stocks, 3s 1d. on the "A," 6s 6d. on the "B," 6s on the Wimbledon, and 6s on the Epsom stocks.

PATONS AND BALDWIN'S PROSPERITY.

Recent reports of the big textile concerns have been uniformly favourable, and the profit statement of Patons and Baldwin's, the manufacturers of woollen and hosiery yarns, shows that this concern has participated in the full in the prosperity enjoyed by these undertakings. Profits for the year to the end of April are up from £456,449 to £668,544 as compared with the previous year. As the amount brought in was much greater, the available balance is £476,518 against £479,840. This enables the directors to not only maintain the dividend at 12½ per cent, free of tax, but, in addition, to distribute a bonus of 2½ per cent, also free of tax.

OLSSON'S CAPE BREWERIES.

Despite continued trade depression in South Africa, a marked improvement in the position is revealed in the report of Olsson's Cape Breweries for the year to March 31 last. Net profits are more than doubled at £92,221, and after meeting fixed charges and providing for depreciation, Ordinary shareholders are to receive a dividend of 5 per cent, against nothing a year ago. The ordinary shares at 15s. are, of course, speculative, but the 7 per cent. Preference shares, on which only requires 47,000, at about the same price, are an attractive high-yielding investment returning approximately 9 per cent.

(Answers at foot of Column Four.)

SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD BOOTS 12/6 GENT'S SMART WELTED SHOES 12/6**BOLSOM BROS. GREAT MAIL ORDER OFFERS**

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**FINANCIAL ANSWERS.**

Yesterdays' column has been a great success, and we are pleased to receive many letters from

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TELEGRAMS: PEOPLE, RAND, LONDON.

**OUR AIR DEFENCE
AND FRANCE.**

The fact of the French Chamber largely supplementing its Air Force credit so soon after Mr. Baldwin's statement of the need for a stronger British Air Force suggests that France resents our action, although our air strength was only one-fourth of that of our ally.

We are convinced that all the British Government aims at is a reasonable margin of safety for this country, whose inferiority in the aviation arm is too well known to need insistence.

But what appears to be at the back of the French mind is the activity of Germany in the matter of aviation. "Voilà l'ennemi," says the Frenchman, and who shall blame him, having regard to his experience?

After all the moral of it seems to be that the reparations muddle and the dangerous Ruhr business should be cleared up with the least possible delay. There is where the immediate peril lies; there is the source of all the doubts and suspicions that tend to alienate two nations that should be the fastest of friends.

And France has hesitated to answer the straightforward question put by Mr. Baldwin. The delay suggests that M. Poincaré is afraid to declare his real policy and is playing for time, which will only add to his difficulties and increase the dangers of the situation.

ECONOMICS & POLITICS.

Mr. Baldwin gave a lead to the Unionist Party and to the nation in his speech on Friday night. He got down to essentials. He said we must not dismiss Socialist propaganda carried on with great persistency as unworthy of argument, but meet the enemy on economic grounds. The appeal to the masses has changed. The new and young electorate look for instruction through the eye rather than through the mind. They are influenced by shallow arguments and an appeal to the imagination. It is futile, said the Prime Minister, to dismiss the demand for a capital levy by calling it robbery. The ill-informed voters will not be deterred from supporting a scheme of taxation by convincing them that it is immoral. We must demonstrate by sound economic arguments that it is stupid and impracticable. Economic subjects dominate public life and public work today, and it is the duty of all who take an active part in politics to educate the masses in national economics.

"During the next two or three years," he said, "elementary economics will play a very important part in the political life of this country." Mr. Baldwin has given a sound lead, and it is for his party to act up to it. The organisation which can educate the unpolished—nearly half the electorate—will win the next election.

GET VACCINATED!**The Danger of Widespread Smallpox Epidemic.**

Warning the country of the possibility of a grave epidemic of small-pox, and recommending vaccination as a safe protection against the disease, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Minister of Health, stated in the Commons that in 1917 there were only 7 cases, in 1922 there were 973, and this year, up to June 16, there have been 955 cases. To-day only 38 per cent. of infants born are vaccinated.

By Sir GEORGE BERRY, M.P.
(the distinguished Ophthalmic Surgeon).

I am rather aghast at the statistics which the Minister of Health gave in his speech on his estimates as regards the proportion of the population who are against vaccination.

I think it is a very serious menace and outlook, if I may say so, for the future, in view of the possible rerudescence of the loathsome disease in respect to which anyone, if he has seen a bad example of it, would be only too ready to grasp at any straw which would be likely to free the community from a scourge of this kind.

I have had personal experience of the extraordinary immunity which re-vaccination can confer, and I could give many instances of it.

One I remember occurred to me in Italy, where there was a serious epidemic of small-pox. I procured some lymph with which to vaccinate eight adults, but I was only able, with the supply which I could obtain from Great Britain, to vaccinate seven of them.

All of these were protected, but the eighth was attacked by small-pox. There you have one personal illustration.

It is, perhaps, not unnatural that there was at one time somewhat of a popular prejudice against vaccination, but the risks which justified that point of view years ago have now entirely disappeared, and the public is running a far greater risk by not taking proper precautions.

As a matter of fact, I am myself very much in favour of increasing the powers of compulsory vaccination in the interests not only of the individual, but of the community, because I think it is altogether wrong that a person should, through ignorance or to suit his own ends, endanger the health of his fellow countrymen and women.

I am quite in favour of the maximum amount of freedom of judgement and action, but I think everyone should be made to realise the duty which rests upon him to avoid liability to this disease in the interests of those among whom he lives.

NO NEW LAWS AT PRESENT.

Replying in Parliament to Colonel Sir Arthur Holbrook, Lord Eustace Percy said the Minister of Health could not undertake to introduce legislation for the amendment of the Vaccination Acts during the present session.

Sir Arthur Holbrook had asked whether the Health Ministry would consider the repeal of the "conscientious objection" clause in the Act of 1907.

THE RED HAND OF LABOUR.**Mr. Lansbury as a Defender of Royalty.**

Whatever else may be said of that tortuous concourse of vocal atoms which is by courtesy known as the Labour Party, no one can accuse it of being slow. If it has a fault—which we shrink from alighting—it is that of going so fast that its leaders are unable to keep pace with it.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a clever man, but he is evidently doubtful about success at the head—or tail—of his present army. Immediately behind him are others bent upon pushing him on or pushing him out.

The Labour Party Conference closed on Friday amid a riot of resolutions.

One, which was carried by a large majority, is important, because it places on record the real aim of the Party. Mr. J. Scarr, of Poplar, moved a resolution to the effect that the suppression of capitalism by the Socialist Commonwealth was the "supreme object of the Labour Party." The chairman, Mr. Sidney Webb, pointed out that the resolution simply asserted what had been in the constitution of the Labour Party for years.

Very well, why not let the country know it? It is very probable that Mr. Scarr was not aware of it, and it is quite certain that hundreds of thousands of British working men were not. Why not call the spade a spade? Mr. Brownlie, with indiscreet frankness, supplied the answer when he told the Conference that "the people who voted for the Labour candidates were not Socialists, even if the candidates were."

Mr. Lansbury Obliges.

Perhaps the most significant debate of all was that on the motion "that the Royal Family is no longer necessary as part of the British Constitution." It is evident that this motion gave the conference managers furiously to think, with the result that they put up Mr. Lansbury, an avowed Republican, to kill it. But how?

He admitted he was a Republican,

but why should they "feel about with a question of no earthly importance which would be settled when the economic conditions were settled?" And he ended thus: "When you have won the social revolution you may be quite sure that you will be able to do what you like with King, Queen, President, or anybody else."

That "anybody else" is worth note, not by King and Queen only, but by those working men and others who, not being Socialists, vote for Labour men when the R.S.P.C.P. offers us an example of what is meant by "anybody else" for there the working men and women have perished in hundreds of thousands. Until the time is ripe, Mr. Lansbury, we will not "feel about with the question."

TALK of the PEOPLE

BY WIGEAWAKE.

Mr. Churchill's Decision.

After all Mr. Winston Churchill has, so I hear, thrown in his lot with Mr. Lloyd-George, sink or swim. Those, therefore, who thought he was ready to rejoin the Conservative Party should dismiss the idea.

Lord Grey and the Government.

Lord Grey has denied that he is about to join the Government. His hitherto unfaltering faith in Liberalism, however, is wavering, and if his health permits we may find him taking up some important post for the Government overseas.

Mr. MacDonald Declines.

It is understood that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald declined to be made a Privy Councillor, although a number of his colleagues in the Labour Party are Right Honourables.

* * *

From yesterday's daily paper: "Contrary to expectation no M.P. has been translated into the Upper Chamber." Last week in "The People" I wrote: "No Parliamentary vacancies will be caused by the creation of new peers in the Honours List."

Westminster Hall.

The King will "open" the repaired Westminster Hall on July 17. The ceremony will be very short, lasting only about ten minutes, but there is some little uncertainty at present exactly what his Majesty is to "open." Probably it will be the great main door, which, so far as the public is concerned, has been long closed.

L.G. Stock Still Falling.

The speech which Mr. Lloyd George delivered in the House of Commons on Wednesday fell absolutely flat. There was no fire or spark in it. He made the inexplicable blunder in another speech by saying that there was not a word in the Peace Treaty about the Fourteen Points, which suggests that while he signed the Treaty he could not have read it. The ex-Prime Minister is issuing a book entitled "Where Are We Going?" It is obvious that he ought to go away and have a good rest, otherwise the stock will further depreciate.

Peggy O'Neill's Silver Bath.

The American Women's Club has just taken possession of Sir Edgar Speyer's palatial mansion in Grosvenor-st. Edgar Speyer was a naturalised German who was made a baronet and Privy Councillor by Mr. Asquith, but found things so hot for him in this country when the war started that he migrated to America and has since dropped his title. His house is said to have cost him about £100,000, and it was bought for the American Women's Club for about £20,000. It is fitted up in extravagant style, and one of the bedrooms has a silver bath attached to it. This bedroom has been taken by Miss Peggy O'Neill, the famous actress.

Lecture for M.P.s.

It is rarely Members of Parliament are addressed by a woman, but on Thursday evening Miss Gertrude Bell, who is almost the greatest authority on Mesopotamia, will speak on the administration of Iraq, in one of the Committee Rooms. Invitations do not seem to have been generally issued, and the audience may not, therefore, include many who would like to be present.

Latest "Tube" Project.

The London traffic problem may well cause uneasiness. Most Londoners will recollect the quite recent opening of the tube railway extension from Piccadilly to Watford. It seems that already at peak hours the line is carrying the utmost maximum traffic. What the situation will be like in five years' time is a grave problem. In all probability there may, in the course of the next few years, be another tube



JOHN BULL: That's the stuff. He'll be the biggest boy in the family yet.

"L.G." Churchill Party—The New Honours—Another Tube?**—The Real Mr. Shinwell.**

line out northwards, at no great distance from the L. and N.W. main line. It is being discussed.

Steps and Superstitions.

The House of Commons has set a trap this week for the superstitious by placing a ladder, used in connection with the erection of the new Irish mosaic, for which £1,500 was bequeathed by the late Sir Joseph Walton, M.P., across the main entrance to the Central Hall. The peers were especially mistrustful, and the way in which Lord Coventry avoided passing under the ladder, both on entering and leaving the building, caused much amusement.

Longton's Opponent.

Miss Kitty McKane, who is the hope of the English tennis players this year, and is likely to be a formidable antagonist to Mlle. Lenglen, is a member of the Lyons Sports Club. She is employed at Cadby Hall as a look-keeper, accountant, and Messis. Lyons, with that liberality which is characteristic of them, grant her freedom of absence in order to maintain the honour of English lawn tennis. Miss McKane has won remarkable victories this year but is not yet playing at the height of her best form.

A Word for Mr. Shinwell.

Several of the Glasgow Socialist Members are not liked because, with their abhorrence of rank and wealth, they "swank" on their own lines, but Mr. Shinwell is rather an exception, and he is generally well-spoken of, even by those who disagree with him most profoundly. He is, of course, a Polish Jew, and glories in his origin, but does not push the fact down members' throats. He is really rather a quiet mannered man and showed great tact in the disturbance the other day.

The officials on that occasion clearly thought there would be trouble since the Lobby was quietly filled with hefty looking men in plain clothes.

A Good First Story.

Mrs. Frida Sinclair, has written a first story of exceptional merit. She has turned to sex as her theme. I would not say it is a new aspect of the age-long problem that she has endeavoured to delineate, but she has attacked it from an unusual new angle. She has taken a particularly objectionable type of male, one who, perhaps, is more in evidence nowadays than formerly—the man who considers himself a superior being by virtue of having been wounded in the war, a sort of pocket-superman, who, having written a book and turned an old house into a delightful residence, considers that all should be smooth in front of him—the sensitive and artistic man, sensitive only where he himself is concerned, and seldom acknowledging artistic theories other than his own.

Dame Clara Butt.

Dame Clara Butt, who will shortly be leaving for a four months' concert tour in Canada, is taking a keen interest in the recently founded Faculty of Arts, and has become one of the Vice-presidents. She was present on Wednesday afternoon at the reception which was held of the Cinema Group of the Faculty at the Gaumont Studio at Shepherd's Bush.

The Faculty of Arts, which is quite one of the most interesting of recent associations for the recognition of the professions, numbers 700 members, including nearly everybody of standing in the literary, artistic, dramatic, and musical worlds, and is already working in conjunction with similar organisations in France, Belgium, United States, China, and Japan.

The Eternal Triangle.

She has mated him to a woman of superhuman devotion, who sees him through his own spectacles, and her adoration bores him to the point of falling in love with a young woman of purple eyes and Peter Panish habit of mind, in spite of having been a V.A.D., who is further fully endowed with the intolerance of modern youth towards everything and everybody who stands in the direct line leading to the fulfilment of their desire.

As a psychological study of the eternal triangle, "When Values Change" is extraordinarily good, and Mrs. Sinclair is to be congratulated on her effort.

Although this is Mrs. Sinclair's first book she has been keenly interested in literature for some time past and has already a play to her credit.

Railway Problem.

To-morrow the Government will, so I gather, announce in the House that it proposes to appoint a Committee to inquire into the relative merits of the building of railways in the Crown Colonies by State action or by private enterprise. Most people, knowing the melancholy record of State action in the past, will have no doubt which is the cheaper. Sir Walter de Frece, who has been, among many others, asking questions in the House, has, I hear, been analysing the whole problem and is likely to issue a collected statement of facts on the subject. It is a very big problem which needs careful consideration.

Topper in the Commons.

A distinguished American, who visits the House of Commons every time he comes to this country, tells me that the change which struck him most in the appearance of the members was that very few of them wore hats, and that the only topper he saw adorned the head of Sir Frederick Banbury. As a stalwart dandy he holds to the old-time headgear.

RANDOM RHYMES.

Ye kings and queens and men of wealth,
Ye noble aristocracy,
Ye have the clearest bill of health
From gentle Comrade Lansbury.
For he is not just deprecate
All silly Sodden Hush fuss,
And to his fellow Red men stated
That kings and queens are "just like us."
Now Comrade Merton, kind and hearty,
In peaceful guise methinks I see,
Declaring to the Labour Party:
"These kings and queens are just like ME!"

CIGARETTE PAPERS.**FOR AFTER DINNER SMOKING.****By the Lounger.**

"What a sad time it is to see no boats upon the river; and grass grows all up and down White Hall court, and nobody but poor wretches in the streets." And, which is worst of all, the Duke showed us the number of the plague this week . . . that is increased above 600 more than the last . . . for the whole general number is 2227, and of them the plague 716; which is more than the biggest Ellis yet; which is very grievous to us all."

THESE words were written nearly three hundred years ago (20th September, 1665) when London was held in the grip of the Great Plague, and I wish that they might be reprinted and distributed broadcast in Gloucester, where a devoted doctor and his helpers are fighting steadfastly to master the smallpox scourge which has broken out there.

It is strange that in the year of grace 1923 there should be found people who refuse the means of protection against this terrible disease, despite the evidence of its value; but it is nothing short of amazing that the chief antagonist of vaccination and opponent of the measures taken by the Ministry of Health is himself a doctor and a Justice of the Peace. Every man is entitled to his own opinions—until those opinions endanger the welfare of the public.

Yesterday I saw a pretty girl on a bicycle, off for a day in the country. Her hair was unencumbered by a hat; she wore a white blouse, a sort of riding-coat smartly cut, black breeches, stockings and shoes; and she looked thoroughly comfortable, graceful and infinitely more decent than the women who play tennis and other games in knitted jumpers clinging tightly to their not always shapely figures, and semi-transparent skirts under which their legs are silhouetted in the sunshine like X-ray photographs.

Woman will always retain her graceful draperies in the drawing-room or the ball-room; but when she wishes to take part in the healthy and invigorating athletics which are among the prizes of her emancipation only a foolish and old-fashioned prejudice would still restrain her from adopting a sensible costume in which to enjoy them.

That remarkable prophet Old Moore states in his "Almanack" that "the commercial outlook for this month is distinctly promising; new schemes will be launched which show an early indication of success."

He is right. The widespread nature of the country's industrial progress cannot be better illustrated than by the following advertisement in a motorising journal:

PUBLIC SCHOOL BOY owning small progressive business seeks PARTNER £200 capital for expansion.

In pre-war days Smith Minor's business activities were confined to the flotation of a joint-stock company for the production of "tires," with a reserve for emergency use on half-holiday mornings. But the advertiser in this case has evidently determined to attack the monopoly of the local tuck-shop in stickjaw and other forms of catering. Let Messrs. Lyons look to it! The spirit of competition is abroad.

KING'S TRIBUTE TO DOCKERS' PADRE.**LIFE OF SACRIFICE.****PENCE OF POOR HELP TO MAKE UP £1,000 GIFT.**

The record of the Rev. L. S. Wainwright is not unknown to the King. His self-sacrifice and devoted service to the spiritual and bodily needs of the people amongst whom his life has been spent is deeply interesting to his Majesty.

This royal tribute to the worth and work of Father Wainwright, the veteran priest of St. Peter's, London Docks, was read yesterday when, as a mark of appreciation of his 50 years' service in the heart of the East End, he was presented by the Bishop of London with a watch, an illuminated address and a cheque for £1,000.

The ceremony took place in St. Agatha's playground.

Father Pollock, chairman of the committee responsible for the presentation, mentioned that all classes of the community had subscribed, regardless of creed. The smallest amount received was a penny, while one woman had given £100.

In one case, he said, a youth had done without his packet of "fags" in order to give sixpence to the fund.

BISHOP'S PRAISE.

The Bishop of London, in making the presentation, alluded to the Spartan simplicity of Father Wainwright's life and habits.

"I have known the cassock he is wearing for 20 years," said the Bishop, amid laughter, which was renewed when he declared that the priest's room was the most uncomfortable in which he had ever been.

"What a wonderful life of sacrifice his has been," said the Bishop. "I thought as I came down here to-day it is a triumph of love, and now Father Wainwright is receiving the appreciation of the whole world, and even that of the King."

Father Wainwright's love for children is only equalled by their love for him. And what a father he has been to the sick!"

"For nine years I used to go to the London Hospital every Monday, and even then Father Wainwright was in and out day and night.

"On behalf of my predecessors, as well as myself, I want to say how much we feel the importance of the work he has done."

MODEST REPLY.

Exclamations of delight were evoked when the Bishop, shaking his fist threateningly in the face of Father Wainwright, said, "I will see that you spend something on yourself."

Father Wainwright's reply to the clogues was typical of the man.

After expressing his appreciation of the feelings which had prompted the gifts, he switched the attention of the gathering from himself to the self-sacrifice of Father Lowder, the founder of the mission.

He disclaimed having made any sacrifice himself, and recalled how eagerly he awaited the decision of Father Lowder, when, as a young undergraduate, he had asked to be allowed to work at St. Peter's.

His hearers thrilled as he described the hostility which Father Lowder had to overcome in establishing the mission, and told how rough characters sometimes urged each other to throw the devoted priest over "Suicides' Bridge."

LOST HIS NERVE.**DEATH LEAP OF FORMER MATE OF KING'S YACHT.**

After attaching a weight to his neck and calling out, "Goodbye, Percy," to a shipmate, Arthur Clarence Barnard (47) of Rowhead, Essex, jumped overboard from the steam yacht Zara in Southampton Water.

It was stated at the inquest yesterday at Southampton that Barnard was formerly mate on the King's yacht, Britannia, but his responsibility affected his nerves.

During the war the ship on which he was serving was sunk and only Barnard and two others were saved.

A verdict of suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

ACTRESS IN TEARS.**STORY OF LIFE BEHIND THE SCENES.**

An actor and his actress wife were parties at Willesden Court yesterday when Wm. Jas. Jackson was summoned by his wife for £18 lbs. arrears of maintenance under an order of the court.

Complainant, smartly dressed, stated that she was at present playing in a tour of the revue "Radios." Her husband had contributed nothing since the order was made. She had kept him for weeks when he was out of work, and just before the baby was born he threatened her with a razor at the back of the stage because she would not give him £10 to buy a motor-cycle.

The money, continued complainant, was all she had saved, and a fortnight after the child was born defendant left, telling her he had gone to a woman who had made him a present of a cheque-book. When she returned to town on the present tour and took clothes and toys to the child, who was with foster-parents, witness was refused admittance, and a letter was afterwards sent to her on defendant's instructions, asking her to refrain from calling, to cease annoyance, adding, "If you want to know anything about Donald Jackson you can apply with safety to the L.C.C."

Magistrate (Mr. W. B. Lake): I am sorry for the baby, with both its parents on tour in different directions. A theatrical life is indeed destructive of the domesticities. I have known you since you were a child, and I think it would serve you better if you had become a dressmaker.

Complainant: If it hadn't been for the profession, I should have starved.

Magistrate: Well, your husband does not appear, and he will have to be brought here sooner or later. I suppose it would create a sensation if he were a rested on the stage. For the present, the case is adjourned.

Complainant broke down, and was led weeping from the court.

CHANNEL BOAT'S ADVENTURE.**ASHORE IN A FOG.****"PICNIC ON ROCKS" FOR 81 PASSENGERS.**

(From Our Own Correspondent)

Dover, Saturday.

The French mail s.s. *Le Nord*, from Calais, with 81 passengers and the mails for Dover on board, went ashore to-day about two miles east of the harbour.

The shore under the high cliffs at that point is very rocky, and the wreck of the German sailing ship, *Preussen*, which was smashed to pieces on the rocks, lies quite close to where the mail steamer stranded.

Tug assistance was promptly sent from Dover. By a stroke of good fortune *Le Nord* had missed the rocks, and after being ashore for three hours she was able to get off with the rising tide. She was undamaged.

Arrived at Dover, the passengers were soon making their way through the passport office and Customs departments. The majority of them were business men who had been travelling on the Continent, and there was a certain number of tourists.

PASSENGERS' STORIES.

In conversation with me the passengers made light of the experience, an American summing it up as a "three hours' picnic on the rocks."

"I was getting my baggage ready for landing at Dover," said one of the passengers, who belonged to Norfolk, when I noticed quite a wall of fog ahead. We were soon steaming through this, with our syren going, and at a reduced speed.

"*Le Nord* gradually rose with the tide, her engines were once again set going, and as she went astern we felt her lift off the shore and she was soon making for Dover. There was a round of cheers as we glided off."

SEASIDE SURPRISE.**Folly Clothed Young Woman in the Water.**

Crowds promenading the front at St. Leonards-on-Sea in the evening were surprised to see a young woman walk, fully-dressed, into the sea.

William Micklewhite ran after her and dragged her back to the beach. The woman was taken to the police station.

She said she belonged to St. Leonards, and after recovering her composure was sent home.



LABOUR'S OTHER TUG-OF-WAR.—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald captains a team at the Labour Party's Gala at Easton Lodge, their country headquarters.

PLAN TO BRIBE WARDERS.**PRISON FOR MEN WHO TRIED TO PASS LETTERS.**

Sentence was passed at Kent Assizes yesterday on the two men, Alfred White, florist, of Farringdon Rd., Paddington, and George Drake, bookmaker, Kennet-Rd., Paddington, indicted for conspiring to persuade two prison warders to carry letters and other documents to and from Joseph Sabini, a convict serving a sentence in Maidstone Prison.

White was sentenced to 18 months' hard labour. Drake, who had a very bad record, was sentenced to two years' hard labour.

In passing sentence Mr. Justice Avory said that a charge of this description was very rare in this country. Fortunately the warders Fright and Ludlow were proof against the temptation offered by the prisoners. Both warders deserved commendation for the promptitude with which they reported the matter to their superior officers.

Accused is alleged to have overtaken his wife on the common. On his arrest he had a revolver fully loaded in five chambers, and a number of loose cartridges in his pockets.

Det.-insp. Eve said that at the police station accused asked permission to speak to his wife. The request was refused, and he called to her, "Good night, my darling. God bless you."

Before his removal from the court accused mentioned that in the early part of 1921 he applied to the King's Bench for a habeas corpus for the production of his little daughter. He thought the contents of the affidavit would be relevant to this prosecution.

Mr. Marshall said it would be altogether irrelevant in a charge of attempting to shoot his wife unless it was to prove a motive.

Accused repeated his request to interview his wife, but the lady, said Insp. Eve refused to have any conversation with him.

NIGHT SCENE ON COMMON.**SOLICITOR'S CLERK AND HIS REVOLVER.**

A solicitor's managing clerk, Edgar Renken Gilbert Wiggett (54), of Cheshire Sq., Balham, was remanded in custody at the South-Western court yesterday charged with attempting to shoot his wife Barbara Grace Wiggett at Tooting Bec Common on Friday night.

Accused is alleged to have overtaken his wife on the common. On his arrest he had a revolver fully loaded in five chambers, and a number of loose cartridges in his pockets.

Det.-insp. Eve said that at the police station accused asked permission to speak to his wife. The request was refused, and he called to her, "Good night, my darling. God bless you."

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EMPIRE WIRELESS.**NO MOVE YET BY POST MASTER GENERAL.**

(By Our Political Correspondent)

The new Postmaster-General has now been in office for about a month and has made no move in regard to the Empire wireless chain. His predecessor, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, took up the question with great energy and had a scheme complete, including a settlement with the Marconi Company—which means with Australia, South Africa, and Canada—but Sir Worthington-Evans seems to have been sitting on it.

He is not showing the business capacity which was expected of him. This country is far behind other great nations in wireless and the Empire is left helpless. The Dominions will not have their contracts held up in this way, and the P.M.G. is risking more than his position unless he gets busy.

In the meantime he has bought a site for a Government wireless station near Rugby. This is a mistake, as all high-power stations for world communications should, for reasons of economy and efficiency, be in one group, and the Government propose to have only one of seven.

TONS OF STRAWBERRIES.**210,000 lbs. Handled Daily at Covent Garden.**

The last of the South Hampshire strawberry crop reached Covent Garden yesterday.

Lack of sunshine has affected the colour and quality of the fruit, but it is hoped that the next consignment from Kent and Wisbech will be in prime condition.

In the last three weeks more than 70,000 three-pound baskets of strawberries have passed through Covent Garden daily.

ON THE BUS TOP.**Magistrate and a Man's Stupid Conduct.**

Remarking that the man had only his own stupid conduct to blame for his position, Mr. Francis, the Westminster magistrate, discharged Gordon Hurry, aged 35, described as a company director, who was charged on remand "as a suspected person loitering for an unlawful purpose."

The evidence was that on three successive evenings Hurry was seen to board omnibuses at Victoria and, pushing through alighting passengers, mount the stairs. At the top, however, he immediately turned and came down again.

For the defence it was stated that Hurry was looking for a friend. The bus inspector had admitted that he saw nothing suspicious about his behaviour.

UNHAPPY TENANTS.

On behalf of the London County Council application was yesterday made at Chancery Lane for a warrant to remove five inmates of a house at High-st., Bromley, on the ground that the building was dangerous.

Mr. Walsh Knight, surveyor, said the house might collapse at any time.

Mr. Cairns, in granting the warrant, said it might appear harsh, but he could not take the risk of people being killed.

HOW LADY ASTOR TRIED FORCE.**"YOU OLD VILLAIN!" HER OWN ACCOUNT OF COMMONS INCIDENT.**

Lady Astor gave a lively and detailed account of the House of Commons incident between herself and Sir Frederick Banbury to her constituents at Plymouth yesterday.

Referring to some report in which it had been stated that she had "mauled" Sir Frederick, Lady Astor said that "anything more astonishing or amazing could not be imagined."

"I was not excited; I was not nervous or worried about my Bill," she said.

"They told me to stay there in case it came up, and I was there from 11 till 4 on a boiled egg and a glass of water. I went up to Sir Frederick and said quite jokingly, 'I have tried kindness. I have tried rudeness; now I shall try force. I shall hold on to your coat-tails, and you shall not rise.'

"He said, 'You are not strong enough,' and got up.

"I tried to get them to bring the Bill on. Sir Frederick said, 'I wonder if the hon. lady member has ever taken any violent exercise.'

"I remarked, 'I never felt more like taking violent exercise than at that moment.'

"That was the only amazing thing that happened. I said to Sir Frederick, 'Oh! you old villain, I will get you next time.' It was no more than that."

AN ATTRACTIVE ITEM.**COUNCILLORS RUSH TO JUDGE BATHING BELLES.**

Had Councillor Clark, the famous critic of bathing and bathing belles, been a member of the Southend Town Council, there might now be a vacancy on that body.

At a meeting of the Carnival Committee here was literally a rush for the privilege of judging the "Mermaid" tableau. Venerable aldermen and dignified councillors debated their respective merits for the job amid general laughter.

Eventually, Mrs. Hawken, the only lady councillor, was entrusted with the task of selecting the judges, and this contest promises to be far more interesting than the selection of the mermaid winners!

HERMITS OF THE SANDS.**LINGUIST'S ROMANCE.****HERCULES WHO HAS 12 EGGS FOR BREAKFAST.**

(From Our Own Correspondent)

Eastbourne, Saturday.

A romantic story lies behind the following brief note in the minutes of the Watch Committee to be laid before Eastbourne Town Council at its monthly meeting on Monday:

"Complaint of nuisance arising from a woman living on the beach at the Fishing Station, referred to the Chief Constable for attention."

The woman referred to speaks five languages and learned French from a daughter of a former President of France.

She cannot find a house, so she lives on the beach. She is the second wife of a boatman, Philip Hugget, 73 years of age, who has lived with her on the beach for the last eight years, sleeping under fisherman's huts, under upturned boats, or, as at present, under a piece of old canvas propped up with sticks.

In an interview Philip Hugget said that his wife left Australia when three years of age and went to Paris, where she lived next door to the French President of that day. She is 43 years old.

DISTINGUISHED PLAYMATE.

"The little daughter of the President and my wife were playmates," he said, "and she learned the French language with the girl, who picked up the English language from my wife. Since then she has been to Germany, Austria, and other countries and speaks five languages fluently."

"I met her when she was in service in Eastbourne and she became my second wife. We do all our cooking and washing on the beach, and now someone is complaining because she takes Corporation water from the fish market to keep us clean."

Philip Hugget is a remarkable character of the seashore. He has lived practically the whole of his life on the beach and has eight of thirteen children living. Between them his offspring have 35 children.

His great reputation is his appetite. He sits down on the beach to a breakfast of 12 eggs and two quarts of milk, and boasts that he can eat his own length in mackerel."

Eventually, Mrs. Hawken, the only lady councillor, was entrusted with the task of selecting the judges, and this contest promises to be far more interesting than the selection of the mermaid winners!

YOUR OWN TAILOR FROM LOOM TO WEARER.**A £5-5-0 PURE NEW WOOL TWEED SUIT****FOR £2-0-0**

OPENING CHAPTERS.

At a Swiss resort where Sir Eustace, his brother, "Master" Scott, and sister Dinah are staying, there is contact with the Vignes, whose daughter Rose is in the marriage market. Sir Eustace is attracted by the handsome Rose, but he chances to dance with Dinah, who is travelling with the de Vignes in a dependent capacity. His impatience is the natural and desirable result of the girl's beauty, the dancing and charm of Master that the de Vignes take alarm, fearing their daughter Rose may be "cut out."

Scott, who is lame, is very friendly towards Dinah, takes her to see his invalid sister Isabel, and tells Dinah her love story. Dinah's own domestic history follows.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

ER fit of rebellion lasted long. The emancipation from the home bondage was beginning to work within her, as the Colonel had predicted. Seen from a distance, the old tyranny seemed outrageous and impossible, to go back into it monstrous. And yet, so far as she could see, there was no way of escape. She was not apparently to be allowed to make any friends outside her own sphere. The freedom she had begun to enjoy so feverishly had very suddenly been circumscribed, and if she dared to overstep the bounds marked out for her, she knew what to expect.

And yet she longed for freedom as she had never longed in her life before. She was nearly desperate with longing, so sweet had been the first, intoxicating taste thereof. For the first time she had seen life from the standpoint of the ordinary, happy girl, and the contrast to the life she knew had temporarily upset her equilibrium. Her mother's treatment, harsh before, seemed unendurable now. Her cheeks burned afresh with a fierce, intolerable shame. No, no! She could never face it again. She could not! She could not! Already her brief emancipation had begun to cost her dear. She must—she must—find a way of escape ere she went back into thralldom. For she knew her mother's strength to terribly well. It would conquer all resistance by sheer, overwhelming weight. She could not remember a single occasion upon which she had ever in the smallest degree held her own against it. Her will had been broken to her mother's so often that the very thought of prolonged resistance seemed absurd. She knew herself to be incapable of it. She was bound to crumble under the strain, bound to be humbled to the dust long ere the faintest hope of out-matching her mother's iron will had begun to dawn in her soul. The very thought made her feel puny and contemptible. If she resisted to the very uttermost of her strength, yet would she be humbled in the end, and that end would be more horribly painful than she dare to contemplate. All her childhood it had been the same. She had been conquered ere she had passed the threshold of rebellion. She had never been permitted to exercise a will of her own, and the discovery that she possessed one had been something of a surprise to Dinah.

It was partly this discovery that made her long so passionately for freedom. She wanted to grow, to develop, to get beyond the stultifying influences of that unvarying despotism. She longed to get away from the perpetual dread of consequences that so haunted her. She wanted to breathe her own atmosphere, live her own life, be herself.

A Soul in Revolt.

"I believe I could do lots of things if I only had the chance," she murmured to herself; and then she was suddenly plunged into the memory of another occasion when she had received summary and austere punishment for omitting scales from her practising. But then no one ever liked doing what they must, and she had never had any real taste for music; or if she had had, it had vanished long since under the uninspiring good of composition.

All her morning depression came back while these bitter meditations racked her brain. Oh, if only—if only—her father had chosen a lady for his wife! It was dismal, she knew, to indulge such a thought, but her mood was black and her soul was in revolt. She was sure—quite sure—that marriage presented the only possibility of deliverance, and deliverance was beginning to seem imperative. Her whole individuality, which thus past week of giddy liberty had done so much to develop, cried aloud for it.

She went to the window. Billy had grown tired of waiting and gone off without her. She fancied she could see his sturdy figure on the further slope. Her eyes took in the whole lovely scene, and suddenly, effervescently, her spirits began to rise. The inherent gaiety of her bubbled to the surface. What a waste of time to stay here grinning like that paradise lay awaiting her! The goodness of her nature began to assert itself once more, and an almost fevered determination to live in the present, to be happy while she could, calmed into her. With impetuous energy she pushed the evil thoughts away. She would be happy. She would! She would! And happiness was not difficult to Dinah. It bubbled in her, a natural spring, that ever flowed again even after the worst storms had forced it from its course.

She even laughed to herself as she prepared to join Billy. Life was good—yes, life was good! And home and the trials thereof were many miles away. Who could be unhappy for long in such a world as this, where the air sparkled like champagne, and the magic of it ran red in the blood?

The black mood passed away from her spirit like a cloud. She threw on cap and coat and ran to join the merry-makers.

**CHAPTER XI.
Olympus.**

All through that afternoon Dinah and Billy played like cubs in the snow. They were very inexperienced in the art of sliding, but they took their spills with much heartiness and a total disregard of dignity that made for complete enjoyment.

When the sun went down they forsook the sport, and joined in a snowballing match with a dozen or more of their fellow-visitors. But Dinah proved herself an adroit and impartial at this game that she presently became a general target, and found it advisable to retreat before she was routed. This she did with considerable skill and no small strategem, finally darting flushed and breathless into the hotel, covered with snow from head to foot, but game to the last.

"Well done!" commented a lazy voice behind her. "Now raise the drawbridge and lower the portcullis, and the honours of war are assured."

She turned with the flashing movement of a bird upon the wing, and found her self face to face with Sir Eustace.

His blue eyes met hers with deliberate

GREATHEART

A POWERFUL LOVE STORY
By Ethel M. Dell

nonchalance. "Sit down," he said, "while I fetch you some tea!"

Her heart gave an odd little leap that was half of pleasure and half of dread. She stammered incoherently that he must not take the trouble.

But he was evidently bent upon so doing, for he pressed her into the seat which he had just vacated. "Keep the place in the corner for me!" he commanded, and lounged away upon his chair with impudent leisureliness.

Dinah watched him tall figure out of sight. The two visitors both astounded and thrilled her. She wondered if she were cheapening herself by merely obeying his behest, wondered what Rose—that practised coquette—would have done under such circumstances; but to depart seemed so wholly out of the question that she dismissed the wonder as futile. She could only wait for the play to develop, and trust to her own particular luck which had so favoured her the night before, to give her a cue.

Masterful Man.

He returned with tea and cake, which he set before her on a little table that had apparently secured beforehand for the purpose. "I am sure you must be ravenous," he said, in those high-bred, somewhat insolent accents of his.

"I am," Dinah admitted frankly.

"Then let me see you satisfy your hunger!" he said, seating himself in the corner he had reserved.

"Oh, but not alone!" she protested. "You—must have some too."

He laughed. "No, I am going to smoke—with your permission. It will do me more good."

"Tell me what it was, anyhow!" she said.

He leaned nearer to her, and suddenly it seemed to her that they were quite alone, very far removed from the rest of the world. "It may not be to-night," he murmured; "or even to-morrow. But some day—in this land where there are no consequences—I will show you—when the fates are propitious, not before—some of the things that Daphne missed when she ran away."

He ceased to speak. Dinah's face was burning. She could not look at him. She felt as if a magic flame had wrapped her round. Her whole body was tingling, her heart beat, wildly a-quiver. There was a rapture in that moment that was almost too intense, too poignant, to be borne.

He was the first to move. Calmly he leaned back, and resumed his cigarette. Through the aromatic smoke his voice came to her again.

"Are you angry?"

Her whole being stirred in response. She uttered a little quivering laugh that was near akin to tears.

"No—of course—not! But I—I think I ought to go and dress! It's getting late, isn't it? Thank you for giving me tea!"

She rose, her movements quick and dainty as the flight of a robin. "Good-bye!" she murmured shyly.

He rose also with a sweeping bow. "A kiss—Daphne!" he said. She gave him a single swift glance from under fluttering lashes, and turned away in silence.

She went up the stairs with the speed of a bird on the wing, but she could not outpace the wonder and the wild delight at her heart. As she entered her own room at length she laughed, a breathless, rippling laugh. How amazing—and how gorgeous—was this new life!

I have promised Sir Eustace to skate with him."

"Who?" Brent glanced towards the rink.

"Why, he's down there already dancing about with your little cousin. That's her laugh. Don't you hear it?"

Dinah's laugh, clear and ringing, came to them on the still air. Rose's slim figure stiffened very slightly, barely perceptibly, at the sound. Sir Eustace has forgotten his engagement," she said quickly. "With you, Yes, Captain Brent. I will come with him."

"Good business!" he said heartily.

"It's a glorious night. Somebody said there was a change coming; but I don't believe it. Maddingen if that comes before the lunge competition. The run is just perfection now. I'm going up there presently. It's glorious by moonlight."

He chattered inconsequently on, happy in the fact that he had secured the prettiest girl in the hotel for his partner, and not in the least disturbed by any lack of response on her part. To skate with her hand-in-hand was the utmost height of his ambition just then, his brain not being of a particularly sporting order.

Down on the rink all was gayety and laughter. The lights shone ruby, emerald and sapphire upon the darting figures.

The undernote of the rushing skates made magic music everywhere. The whole scene was fantastic—a glittering fairytale of colour and enchantment.

Each evening seems more splendid than the last," declared Dinah.

"They always will if you spend them in my company," said Sir Eustace.

"Do you know I could very soon teach you to skate as perfectly as you dance!"

"I believe you could teach me anything," she answered happily.

"Given a free hand I believe I could," he said. "But the gift is yours, not mine. You have the most wonderful knack of divining a mood. You adapt yourself instinctively. I never knew anyone respond so perfectly to the unspoken wish. How is it, I wonder?"

"I don't know," she answered shyly.

"But I can't help understanding what you want."

"Does that mean that we are kindred spirits?" he asked, and suddenly the clasp of his hands was close and intimate.

"I expect it does," said Dinah; but she said it with a touch of uneasiness.

The voice that had spoken within her the night before, warning her, urging her to be gone, was beginning to murmur again, bidding her to beware.

She turned from the subject with ready versatility, obedient to the danger-signal.

"Oh, there is Rose! I am afraid I ran away from her after dinner. They went

off together for coffee, but I was so dreadfully afraid of being stopped that I hung behind and escaped. I do hope the Colonel won't be in a way again. But I don't see that there was anything wicked in it; for Lady Grace herself is coming to look on presently."

test them all," said Dinah frankly. "I like sweeping the garden and digging potatoes for fun."

"She keeps you busy, then," commented Sir Eustace, with semi-humorous interest.

"Busy isn't the word for it," declared Dinah. "We do the washing at home too. I get up at five and go to bed at nine. I make nearly all my own clothes too. That's why I haven't got any," she ended naively.

He laughed. "Not really! But what makes you work so hard as that? You're wasting all your best time. You'll never be so young again, you know."

"I know!" cried Dinah, and suddenly a wild gust of rebellion went through her. "It's hateful! I never knew how hateful till I came here. Going back will be—too horrible for words. But—her voice fell abruptly flat—"what am I to do?"

"I should go on strike," he said lightly.

"Tell your good mother that she must find someone else to do the work! We are going to take it easy and enjoy yourselves."

Dinah uttered a short, painful laugh.

"No."

"Why not?" he questioned with innocent amusement. "Surely you're not afraid of the broomstick?"

Ecstasy of a Kiss.

Dinah gave a great start, and suddenly, as they skated, pressed close to him with the action of some small, terrified creature seeking shelter. "Oh, don't—don't let us spoil this perfect night by talking of my home affairs!" she pleaded, her voice quick and passionate. "I want to put everything right away. I want to forget that there is such a place as home."

His arm was around her in a moment. He held her caught in him. "I can soon make you forget that, my Daphne," he said. "I can lead you through such a wonderland as will dazzle you into complete forgetfulness of everything else. Don't you trust me, you know. You mustn't be afraid."

He was drawing her away from the glare of coloured lights as he spoke, drawing her to the further end of the rink, where stood a tiny rustic pavilion.

She went with him with a breathless sense of high adventure, skimming the ice in time with his rhythmic movements, measured into an enchanted quiescence.

They reached the pavilion, and he paused. The other skaters were left behind. They stood as it were in a magic circle all their own. And only the moon looked on.

"Ah, Daphne!" he said and took her in his arms.

There came to Dinah then a wild and desperate sense of fear, fear that was coupled with a wholly unreasoning and instinctive shame. She strained back from him. "Oh no! Oh no!" she gasped. "I mustn't!"

But he mastered her very slowly, wholly without violence, yet wholly irresistibly. His dark face, with its blue, compelling eyes, dominated her, conquered her. And all her life resistance had been quelled in her. Her will wavered and was down.

"Why should it be wrong?" he whispered. "I tell you that nothing matters—notting matters. We take our pleasure, and we tell no one. It is no one's business but our own, sweethearts. And nothing is wrong, if no harm is done to anyone."

Silent, alluring, half-laughing, half-relinquish, he drew her closer yet; he bent and pressed his lips upon her upturned face. But she quivered still and shrank from his caressing. She could not give her lips to him. His kiss burned through and through her, so that she longed to flee away and hide.

For though that kiss sent a thrill of wild ecstasy through her, there was anguish mingled therewith. Even while she exulted over her unexpected victory, she was smitten with the thought that it had cost her too dear. Had she told him too much about herself that he held her thus cheaply? Would he, however urgent his desire to do so, would he have dreamed of treating Rose thus? Or any other girl of his own standing?

"Except dancing," he suggested.

"Oh, well, that's born in me. I couldn't very well forget that. My mother—" Dinah hesitated momentarily—"my mother was a dancer before she married."

"And she taught you?" asked Sir Eustace.

"How not?" asked Sir Eustace.

She laughed up at him with the happy confidence of a child.

"Can't you see it for yourself? I am a mere guttering compared to the de Vignes. They live in a great house with lots of servants and cars. They never do a thing for themselves. I don't suppose Rose could do her hair to save her life. While we—we live in a tumble-down, ramshackle old place, and do all the work ourselves. I've never been away from home in my life before. You see, we're poor, and Billy's schooling takes up a lot of money. I had to leave school when he first went as a boarder. And that is three years ago now. So I have forgotten all I ever learned."

"Except dancing," he suggested.

"Oh, well, that's born in me. I couldn't very well forget that. My mother—" Dinah hesitated momentarily—"my mother was a dancer before she married."

"And she taught you?" asked Sir Eustace.

"No, no! She never taught me anything except useful things—like cooking and sewing and housework. And I do-

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XII.**The Wine of the Gods.**

The rink was ablaze with fairy-lights under the starry sky. Rose de Vigne, exquisitely fair in ruby velvet and crimson fur, paused on the verandah, looking pensively forth.

Very beautiful she looked standing there, and Captain Brent, of the Sapphires, striding forth with his skates jingling in his hand, stopped as one compelled.

"Are you waiting for someone, Miss de Vigne? Or may I escort you?"

She looked at him with a faint smile as if in pity for his disappointment.

"Too late, I am afraid, Captain Brent.

"Perfection sent a thrill on the dirt, hot light on the hands."

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Young Man's Fancy (84) Frier (64)
Chesire (15) Grosvenor (600)
Leicester Tow (113) Harry Blue (74)
My Lord (71) Sandringham (32)

Holy Friar, Jr. (100) Judd (10)

This week his latest clients—
a grand double—**VIRGIN GOLD** & **DRY MOAT**. **NEVILLE** now holds a position in the other points to hand at time of writing. **NEVILLE** has a record of success in the last few days.

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tions. Address letters to "Larry Lynn,"
"The People," St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

FANCIES FOR NEWMARKET.

IMPRESSIONS OF A VISIT TO THE GRAND PRIX.

THOUGH we have no racing to-morrow, it is a very busy week with no fewer than three meetings in the list for Thursday. This is a bad arrangement, and Carlisle and Worcester are bound to suffer by the clashing. But the first of the meetings "behind the Ditch" at headquarters promises good racing, for going here can never become really hard.

On Tuesday I fancy the turn of **ZANY**, who at length have arrived in the Maiden

Two-Year-Old Stakes. Then I intend to give another chance to **SPALPEEN** in the July Stakes, though Tippler has, of course, to be re-spected.

STRATFORD is expected to win at the Plantation side I shall expect **KITTEN ON THE KEYS** to be equal to winning Div. I. of the Plantation Stakes, whilst Div. II. of the same race will admirably suit **DUCKS AND DRAKES**. Best in the Duke of Cambridge Handicap may be Rock Fire, Linby, Treviso, and Scapino, and my preference is for

TAYLOR'S SELECTED.

The pari-mutuel system of betting would never suit the Britisher. Apart from the question of drain upon capital caused by the deduction from the amounts staked a large proportion of which is swallowed up in administration costs (2,000 men were employed in the scores of booths where bets were made on Sunday), there is the inconvenience of the system. I frequently saw queues of several hundred lined up waiting their turn to have a wager. Very often the bell signalling the close of business on that particular race rang before the tail-end of the queue had reached anywhere near the booth.

Consequently, scores were unable to make their bets. This would certainly not be tolerated in England. No, I am thoroughly convinced we in England will be properly advised to leave well alone. The first race at Longchamps, by the way, was run forty minutes after the time set for it. How would this do at Newmarket, Ascot or Epsom?

Too Late for a Bet.

representing the all-conquering Manton stable. Our only other wager will be a little on **ROSSMOYNE** for the Stetchworth Stakes.

On Thursday **BLACK GOWN** may take the July Cup, though there is **SCYPHIUS** to beat. Regarding the Princess of Wales' Stakes, at the moment of writing I do not know what will represent Manton, but the race may be left to **TAYLOR'S SELECTED**.

An investment on **DALBLANEY** for the Royston Plate may show a profit, whilst **GABRIELLE** holds more than an outside chance for the Gilton Handicap.

On Friday another chance may be given **RED CREST** for the Waterbeach Handicap, and **NEIGEUSE** may take the Fulbourn Stakes, whilst the name of **STRATFORD** occurs again in the Ellesmere Stakes. **BRISL**, with a run, will require beating for the Milton Handicap.

At Carlisle.

At Carlisle on Tuesday the Scottish division may land the Solway Handicaps with **BELLE FILLE**, and, with a run, **JAZZ BAND** should be good for the Cumberland Plate, with **Highbrow** and **Phantom** bold the next best.

SURE GAIN, on the Gosforth form, will win the Trial Plate.

On Wednesday Bob Armstrong hopes to win the City Plate with **GENTLEMAN**, and on the Manchester form **AUDLEM** ought to win the **CORBY CASTLE** Plate, whilst **MOCKING BIRD** can take the Blackhall Handicap.

On Thursday, at the Cumberland meeting, **PHANTOM HARRY** is fancied for the Dumfries Plate, and **PEACOCK'S SELECTED** should take the Carlisle Bell Handicap, with **MAID OF MIDDLEHAM** the likeliest for the Lanercost Handicap, the danger being Lord Pensance.

At Worcester on Thursday I shall advise the support of **CORBAN** for the Stanton Plate, **ORLANDO** in the Midsummer Plate, and **SUN ORB** in the Newmarket Sellen Plate.

On the concluding afternoon at Worcester **DRY MOAT** may take the Hindlip Maiden Plate, and **KELVIN** the Worcestershire Stakes.

At Thursday, at the Alexandra meeting, **PHANTOM HARRY** is fancied for the Dumfries Plate, and **PEACOCK'S SELECTED** should take the Carlisle Bell Handicap, with **MAID OF MIDDLEHAM** the likeliest for the Lanercost Handicap, the danger being Lord Pensance.

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THE STEWARDS' CUP.

PERSSE'S FORMIDABLE HAND IN GOODWOOD SPRINT.

What will win the Stewards' Cup? That is about the next most important problem we have to face. One or two expected ones may be missing from the list of entries, though, taken all round, there is material for the usual interesting race. Atty Persse won it last year with Intruder. Now he has Crowds, Scipio, Karl and Zanoni to choose from. Quite a formidable little bunch.

Not only was the race won by a locally owned horse, but Jazz Band, the second, is trained but a few miles from the course. A pillar-to-post policy was adopted with him, and he made every yard of the running until the last hundred yards.

Both animals ran very gamely, and, in reviewing the performance of Carpatus, it must not be overlooked that Ledson had a couple of pounds over weight.

Now 2 lbs. on a course like that of the Northumberland Plate means several lengths. Celenturion may not have been quite as well as he was at Ascot. At any rate, he was a long time getting into his stride, and so was left with a good deal of ground to make up.

RACING JOTTINGS.

POINTS OF INTEREST FROM THE WEEK'S SPORT.

Pillory is a pretty useful plater for the North Country, for when you turn to home it can be carried top weight. At Ascot once again our friend turned it up when he looked to have the Perkins double.

JARVIS AND GOLDEN CORN. It would have been surprising had he not been after his Royal Hunt Cup prominence. Golden Corn is one who is being much discussed. His displays this season have not been illuminating, and yet we continue to hear she "has returned to her best form." Well, we shall believe that when we see it. It is to be regretted that the King is without a representative.

The weights will be eagerly anticipated, but, with so many stables being responsible for several horses, and there being no acceptance, the race is decidedly difficult to deal with.

FRENCH RACING.

NO LESSONS FROM ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

We often hear English racing and its management compared unfavourably with that abroad. Last Sunday I was at Longchamps. I did not make the journey to much to see the English horses run in the Grand Prix as to renew my acquaintance with the working of the pari-mutuel, and to refresh my ideas on French racing.

I returned across the Channel firm in the opinion that we have nothing to learn from our French neighbours. Yet they are nothing to those at Longchamps, for unless you take up a position on the stands long in advance, you have no earthly chance of following the race, and last Sunday, whilst the Grand Prix was being run, thousands were preening behind the stands, apparently taking an interest in the race for the simple reason that they were unable to see anything of it.

LARRY LYNN'S SELECTIONS FOR THE WEEK.

NEWMARKET.

TUESDAY.—T.Y.O. Stake **ZANTO**
John Stakes **SPALPEEN**
Bottisham Stakes **STRATFORD** & #

WEDNESDAY.—
Plantation Stakes (Div. 1) **KITTEN ON THE KEYS***
Mansion Stakes (Div. II) **DUCKS AND DRAKES**
Duke of Cambridge Handicap **MAPINUS***
Stetchworth Stakes **ROSSMOYNE**

THURSDAY.—
July Cup **BLACK GOWN**
Princess of Wales' Stakes **TAYLOR'S SELECTED**

Royston Plate **DALBLANEY**
Gilton Handicap **GABRIELLE**

FRIDAY.—
Waterbeach Handicap **RED CREST**
Fulbourn Stakes **NEIGEUSE**
Ellesmere Stakes **STRATFORD**
Milton Handicap **BRISL**

CARLISLE.

THURSDAY.—
Kidwelly Handicap **BELLE FILLE**
Cumbernaud Plate **JAZZ BAND**
Trial Plate **SURE GAIN**

WEDNESDAY.—
City Plate **GENTLEMAN**
Corby Castle Plate **AUDLEM**
Blackhall Handicap **MOCKING BIRD**

THURSDAY.—
Duntrifus Plate **PHANTOM HARRY**
Carlisle Bell **PEACOCK'S SELECTED**
Lancastor Handicap **MAID OF MIDDLEHAM**

WORCESTER.

THURSDAY.—
Newmarket Plate **CORBAN**
Orlando Plate **ORLANDO**
Sun Orb Plate **SUN ORB**

FRIDAY.—
Hindlip Maiden Plate **DRY MOAT**
Worcestershire Stakes **KELVIN**

WEEK'S BEST THING.

Larry Lynn's suggested best thing of the week is

SCAPINO

in the Duke of Cambridge Handicap at Newmarket on Wednesday.

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USE TO YOU?

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PLAY UP YOUR WINNINGS

THE CAPITAL LEVY.

SOCIALIST MISCALCULATIONS EXPOSED.

By DR. F. PENNFATHER, M.P.

*"A widow worth £6,000 for the purposes of the Levy and living on an 'investment income' of £300 a year. She now pays £20 12s. 6d. in income tax, and therefore has a net income of £279 7s. Under the Levy she would have to pay £50, which we will suppose, is paid by handing over War Loan to this amount. Her investment income is reduced to £271 10s. a year, but her income tax is reduced to £14 4s. 6d. Her net income is, therefore, £223 5s. 6d., and she is £3 16s. 2d. a year better off."**"A business man with a wife and three young children possessing £10,000 'net wealth' liable to the Levy, bringing him in an 'investment income' of £700 a year, and having also an 'earned income' of £1,000, making £1,700 a year altogether. He now pays £93 7s. 6d. in income tax, and his net income is therefore £663 10s. His net income is, therefore, £614 2s. 6d. a year better off."**"A business man with a wife and three young children possessing £10,000 'net wealth' liable to the Levy, bringing him in an 'investment income' of £700 a year, and having also an 'earned income' of £1,000, making £1,700 a year altogether. He now pays £93 7s. 6d. in income tax, and his net income is therefore £663 10s. His net income is, therefore, £614 2s. 6d. a year better off."**"In fact, these Socialist calculations are merely a variation of the old joke about leading a dog to suppose that he's 'better off.' You feed him 100 bits of his own tail!"**Mr. Pennfather.**"Take the second example. Again the necessary correction of the method calculation reduces the inducement offered to the typical professional man to support the Capital Levy, which brings him in an additional £100 a year, making £800 a year altogether. He now pays £223 10s. a year, but his income tax would be reduced to £200 11s. His net income is therefore £614 2s. 6d., and he is £56 6s. 4d. a year better off."**"A professional man with a wife and two children, earning £700 a year and possessing £2,000 of property, which brings him in an additional £100 a year, making £800 a year altogether. He now pays £223 10s. a year, but his income tax would be reduced to £200 11s. His net income is therefore £614 2s. 6d., and he is £56 6s. 4d. a year better off."**"Even supposing, however, that this 'professional' class were not affected one way or the other by the Capital Levy, what would that mean? It would mean that the comparatively rich persons with £800 a year—or possibly even more—would escape the Levy altogether, while poor widows, with only £100 a year, would lose their husbands in the War—would be taxed £50, or one-twelfth of the total 'wealth' available for their own support and that of their dependents, possibly ex-Service men's children."**"Yet this proposal is seriously put forward by the Socialist Labour Party as part of a plan for making people pay 'according to their ability.'**"It should be noted that the miscalculations which are here exposed are not put forward by an ignorant person, but are the work of one who describes himself as 'a professional economist' who puts 'M.A.' (D.Sc. Econ.) and 'Cassel Reader in Commerce' to the University of London, after his name, and who happens to be a twice defeated Socialist candidate for Parliament."**"From this it is clear that all Socialist calculations (even when sought to be authoritative), must be regarded with suspicion."**The Capital Levy Explained. Labour Publishing Company.*

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377/- 378/- 379/- 380/- 381/- 382/-

383/- 384/- 385/- 386/- 387/- 388/-

389/- 390/- 391/- 392/- 393/- 394/-

395/- 396/- 397/- 398/- 399/- 400/-

401/- 402/- 403/- 404/- 405/- 406/-

407/- 408/- 409/- 410/- 411/- 412/-

413/- 414/- 415/- 416/- 417/- 418/-

419/- 420/- 421/- 422/- 423/- 424/-

425/- 426/- 427/- 428/- 429/- 430/-

431/- 432/- 433/- 434/- 435/- 436/-

437/- 438/- 439/- 440/- 441/- 442/-

443/- 444/- 445/- 446/- 447/- 448/-

449/- 450/- 451/- 452/- 453/- 454/-

455/- 456/- 457/- 458/- 459/- 460/-

461/- 462/- 463/- 464/- 465/- 466/-

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473/- 474/- 475/- 476/- 477/- 478/-

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485/- 486/- 487/- 488/- 489/- 490/-

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497/- 498/- 499/- 500/- 501/- 502/-

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563/- 564/- 565/- 566/- 567/- 568/-

569/- 570/- 571/- 572/- 573/- 574/-

575/- 576/- 577/- 578/- 579/- 580/-

